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ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner
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They Raise Wages in Darkest Africa

Why Can't They Do It In Voteless Washington.
Observe the Size of the African Raise.

We are making the world safe for democracy, and in the same process making the cost of living very high for democracy.

The Times repeats that this, the richest government in the world, handing out billions to other governments, with unlimited money to spend for the suffering everywhere in Europe, OUGHT to be able to afford decent pay for its own employees here in Washington.

We use as our text today an interesting report, sent to the State Department by John F. Jewell, United States consul at Lourenco Marquez in Portuguese East Africa.

Says he:
"Owing to the great advance in the cost of living, the local government has increased the salaries of all its employees who were paid under 1,800 escudos (\$1,945) per annum. The increases in some cases HAVE AMOUNTED TO 45 PER CENT."

Government clerks, don't you wish you lived "where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand?"

Pretty nice golden sand, that increase of 45 per cent in African salaries. How does that sound to the Government worker here getting a thousand dollars a year or a trifle over, trying to live on that amount, which wouldn't supply the average prosperous "patriot" with petty cash, for tips, etc.

Portugal, owning that particular part of East Africa, is a small country and poor, torn by revolution.

Yet it has intelligence and heart enough to realize that employees MUST have more money when the cost of living doubles.

And they call a SMALL salary, one that needs considerable increase, \$1,945.00 per year—quite a wide bit between that and the pay of the average Washington clerk.

Salaries are thus raised in Africa, in spite of the fact that the budget won't stand it. It has been necessary, according to Consul Jewell, to "increase fees for licenses for bars, canteens, kiosks, etc., telegraph and telephone rates, export tax on sugar" and also necessary to "establish a military tax." Yet the Portuguese grant the salary increases.

The small amount that would be required to pay a decent wage to Government workers in Washington would be compared with our national wealth, like a drop in the ocean. If men and women could vote in this District as they should vote, they would get the raise quickly enough.

That is why THE TIMES demands for the District of Columbia the full vote, COMPLETE CITIZENSHIP, not any half-way citizenship, cut down by somebody who is afraid and thinks all day and all night about taxes.

The Wisdom of Napoleon—No. 12

He Knew the Slight Importance of Money.

Napoleon spent on behalf of France thousands of millions of francs. He once remarked with considerable satisfaction that he made the British spend TEN THOUSAND MILLION francs opposing him on the continent.

In this war France has spent ninety-eight billions of francs, which would surprise Napoleon.

During his long talks at St. Helena, one of his favorite topics was this question of money and its slight importance.

Following the life which he would really enjoy, that of a country gentleman, with a very small house in Paris for occasional visits, he would choose for himself an income of five hundred thousand francs a year—one hundred thousand dollars. This amount he thought could be spent wisely and reasonably in quiet living, the purchase of books, entertaining friends, and so on.

While Napoleon selects this sum as the maximum he would care to possess as a private individual, he is far from thinking any such sum necessary to real happiness.

He declared that he himself could live very comfortably on twenty francs a day (\$4.00).

He would get his little dinner in Paris for thirty sous, have a cheap seat in the theater once in a while, go to public reading rooms and libraries, and have a comfortable bedroom for twenty francs a month.

BUT—and here comes in Napoleon's real financial wisdom and the great lesson that he teaches foolish, struggling, extravagant Americans.

He would be comfortable with his small income, because, says he:

"I SHOULD ASSOCIATE ONLY WITH PEOPLE OF SIMILAR FORTUNE."

Napoleon realized that happiness in this world must be achieved by LIMITING our wants. It can never be achieved by satisfying them.

When he spent his scores of millions a year, Napoleon was associating with the Emperor of Russia, making kings of his own relatives, and marshals; despising, but hobnobbing with other rulers, doing as they did and outdoing them in show and in the squandering of money.

He knew he could live comfortably, enjoying physical well-being and the delight of mental activity, on a most

(Continued in Last Column.)

No Pacifist Pipe for Him - By Raemaekers



News dispatches state that many Indians are anxious to join the American forces abroad. A considerable number are in training in Western camps. Raemaekers pictures the Red Man's being appealed to by a

pacifist who says:

"Let us smoke the peace-pipe, brother."

"I'm not your brother; I'm American!" is the Indian's reply.

Winifred Black on Success and Ability

By Winifred Black.

THIS letter is so full of things every one of us ought to know and realize that I'm going to print it just as it is:

Dear Winifred Black:
I was interested in your article regarding positions and the worker and am impelled to tell you of an experience I know of:

In September, 1916, owing to the crash of her plans and property, a friend was compelled to earn money. She was an excellent stenographer, in addition to her other business qualities, and she wrote to several well-known houses and received an answer from a banking and brokerage firm down town. The girl called and secured the position. She was very happy—for it meant freedom from worry, although the salary of \$20 a week was not adequate to support a home—which was the problem confronting this girl.

Enter, Jealousy.

From the first day when she entered the office she sensed a spirit of antagonism to her from the young woman called the "head stenographer." This young woman, a girl of most mediocre education and ability, had come to this position because she had been with the concern five years. She, recognizing the ability of the newcomer, developed a silent and powerful hostility to her, which was very difficult to overcome, as it was underground. The other girls—her friends—stood with her and helped her.

It would take too much space to enumerate the manner in which this head girl made the life of the other miserable—enough that she did so. But as the keeping of the position was vital, the new girl endured it all in silence.

Finally, one day when the head girl and the others, whom we will call "allies," were more exasperating than usual, my friend rebelled. This was the opportunity the head girl was waiting for, and she went down to the head of the office with some lie or other—the other girl has not been able to learn what—and this other girl, a young woman of good family, good breeding and education, was

"discharged," like any servant who was incompetent might be. This after a year of service.

The girl is heartbroken over the matter—the rank injustice of all of it—and her health has suffered as a consequence. Besides, she has been out of a position six weeks—this with a family dependent upon her—and all because of another girl's jealous temperament.

The "discharged" girl is praying constantly that justice will be done her and they will send for

her and reinstate her, for she feels she has been publicly disgraced before the other 150 employees.

SYMPATHY.

Well, Sympathy, it's all right for you to be indignant. No one can help it when they read your letter—but I wouldn't waste much time sympathizing with your friend.

She's in the right, has sense, good judgment, tact and business ability, and she can no more help winning her fight for the right to

honest work than she can help being just the nice girl she is.

Business life is new to her, and it is just as well for her to learn of the existence of such conditions right in the very first place she worked—forwarned is forearmed, you know.

The business world is full of such persons as the one who was so vindictive to your friend. They are poor, envious, jealous, small-minded, small-hearted creatures, who turn green at the very idea of the success of any one but themselves.

This head stenographer will not hold her place long—her office will soon find out what sort of girl she is and no flattery and no personal pull will keep her position for her very long.

A business office is a great big machine and it cannot run smoothly with a jealous, envious, disagreeable employee trying so hard to throw some one out of a position that she's willing to disturb the whole office routine to do it.

Tell her to Win.

Your "Head Stenographer" has doubtless her little coterie of parasites and toadies who kowtow to her because they are afraid of her, but she has no real friends.

She can't have with such a heart and such a mind—so her own intimates are doubtless plotting against her this very hour.

Tell your friend she is foolish to feel that she is in disgrace because she was discharged. Neither she nor any one else has the divine right to any position, and it is never disgraceful to be discharged unless there is a disgraceful reason for the discharge.

Your friend is too sensitive. She is in business now, and she must look at things in the light of business.

Tell her to brush her new hat, freshen up her little office frock, put some new buttons on her downtown coat, get the best pair of shoes and gloves she can afford, and start out—to win.

No one can make her fall—except herself.

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Are There Any More Randalls?

If So, For Goodness' Sake Get Them to Work Moving Freight.

By EARL GODWIN.

There is a young man named Louis Randall, who was an employe of the engineer department of the District of Columbia for several years. Nearly everyone knew him. He was a competent, quiet, and underpaid official. He did his work and asked nothing.

Soon after the United States awoke to the fact that it would require a great fleet of aeroplanes, a company in Paterson, N. J., began to manufacture them, and Randall was lured away from the District engineer office to help this concern. Randall began to make aeroplanes. He did his work and asked nothing.

About a fortnight ago Paterson was snowed under. A New Jersey blizzard rolled in from the Atlantic and blocked traffic. The boss of the aeroplane works shook his head sadly and complained that he could ship no planes that day—there was too much snow. Meantime the army demanded daily shipment.

Then Randall took a hand. He went out and bought every snow shovel in Paterson. He went up Market street, Main street, and all the other streets and collected every possible snow-cutting implement in the town.

Then he put every human being in the aeroplane shop to work on the snow. Every office boy, every stenographer, every mechanic, and every manager began to shovel and shovel hard.

That night the regular aeroplane shipment was made. The next morning the president of the company came and made Randall the boss of the whole works.

There are more Randalls left in the District building.

We need one this very day to shovel the freight out of the freight yards.

The stories of Government contract freight being rushed to Washington by priority order, to lie here for days at the Government's cost, are disgusting to men who know how to shovel snow or handle big jobs.

What we need is a Randall to take charge of the big freight tie-up. The District government at this minute has hundreds of men and a hundred teams and perhaps hundreds of carts and wagon of all kinds. There is no more pressing work than the removal of the freight from the freight yards. An engineer or a man who has been used to meeting blizzards or other emergencies should be put in charge of that job with power to take from any District building department all the men and teams he needs. The surface division, the water department, the sewer department, all have teams and men. They should be put on the job, so that Washington could make a reputation for itself in handling problems.

Don't let any more good men wait till they get to PATERSON before they show the stuff that's in them.

HEARD AND SEEN

OPEN LETTER.

DAVID S. PORTER, Esq.,
Division Manager,
C. & P. Telephone Company.

My Dear MR. PORTER: In answer to your notice that telephone contracts will all be canceled January 1, this is to say that no matter what ails your telephone system, surely nothing is the matter with your nerve.

Yours truly,
SUBSCRIBER.

JOHN C. LETTS is having a hard time getting a house for BILLY SUNDAY. Can't you help him?

I wish BILLY could take a crack at some of these war profiteers who are grinding the poor unnecessarily by outrageous rent raises. The common sense real estate men are not doing this; it is the private owner who has the chance—and takes it—to screw a few more dollars out of the pockets of the poor.

TOM SHIPPS' new Christmas cards inform me of the fact that Tom has a new office in San Francisco. It was a kind fate that kept TOM out of Congress to go into publicity and advertising.

"W. S. P." suggests that substituting clear glass globes for the ground glass "abominations" that

adorn (?) our lamp posts" would add about 33 per cent to the volume of light at each post. The idea is to cut off lights on a portion of the posts, and save fuel.

RAPHAEL SEMMES, who goes into the aviation corps as a first lieutenant, is a member of the JOHNNY FERRIS ALUMNI and is a sure enough scrapper. They call him "PENNY" SEMMES. This is how he got the name:

Some boys had a puppy they were about to throw into a sewer. Semmes interfered and rescued the pup, paying a penny for him. He has been "PENNY" ever since. And he's all right.

If nobblishness could win the war, some of our Red Cross ladies deserve medals of honor. I know of one Red Cross organization here which deplores the fact that "the common people" have become so much interested in the work. In this little blue-stocking outfit snobbishness went so far that a letter was circulated among the members asking that the social status be preserved at all costs, and that no one merely on the edge of society be admitted.

GEORGE O'CONNOR sends me the advertisement of a druggist who says, "I will be open from 8 a. m. until 11 p. m."

George says that while the druggist is exposing his interior it may be a good chance to get some inside information.

The Wisdom of Napoleon—No. 12

(Continued from First Column.)

modest income. But happiness then would depend on the selection of associates.

His wisdom would lead him to seek for men of big brains and small fortunes. He would not follow the American custom, which often toadies to and eagerly associates with big fortunes regardless of brains.

Napoleon realized that man's happiness here lies in the development of his intellectual ability—not in distending his stomach, or playing the peacock.

When Napoleon wanted to command and murder millions of men in order to develop and realize his military genius, he needed the financial resources of a nation.

But for his own private, social life and enjoyment, he would have been quite content with four dollars a day. Even this sum, as he says, he would have reduced to twelve francs a day (\$2.40), except for the fact that he had got fat and needed a servant to help him dress.

Young men who think they might have a grand chance in life—IF THEY HAD MORE MONEY—are invited to consider this statement of Napoleon.

And lest they imagine that he spoke merely for effect, that he did not mean what he said, they are asked to remember this:

After being Emperor, he thinks he would be happy on twenty francs a day.

As a young man, fitting himself to rule the world, he lived on less than twenty cents a day, lived well enough, and developed the brain that gave him his career. Man makes money. Money never made a man. Our friend Liebold, quoting Henry Ford, says:

"Millions don't make a man, they simply unmask him, show what he really is."